

T H E

37
St. James's

SQUIRE

11621. c. 1

O F

57

St. James's.

T E W K E S B U R Y:

Printed and Sold by S. HARWARD: Sold also at
his Shops in GLOUCESTER and CHELTENHAM;
where may be had all Sorts of New and Old
Songs; Penny Histories, &c. Wholesale and
Retail. Likewise, the True Original Daff's
Elixir, Bateman's Drops, Scotch Pills, and all
other Medicines of established Reputation, that
are advertised in the Weekly Papers.



'SQUIRE of St. JAMES's

IT is of a young 'Squire I mean for
to write,

Who wedded a beautiful lady so bright
Not far from St. James's this couple
did dwell,

But as for their names I'll forbear to tell

It is said this young 'Squire had a vast
estate,

That he and his lady might live very
great,

But having no issue it caused a strife,
Between the 'squire and his fair wife.

He said, surely you are not like wome
kind,

Which indeed it doth very much trou
ble my mind,

Thus daily he plagues his virtuous wife,
That she has no comfort of her life.

Unto an herb-woman hard by she goes,
And to her her secrets she did expose,
's. For to have no children it is my hard lot,
And the crossiest of husbands, alas ! I
for have got.

ht The woman said, lady, I know it indeed,
pl There is no one can prevent what the
fates have decreed,

ell A sufficient man your husband may be,
But another may do it better than he.

af If you were to lie with another man,
er And he was to try what skill e'er he can
To get you with child as fortune may
prove,

? Then you and your husband may live
e. in love.

ne A way I'll contrive if you'll not be coy,
ou That you and your husband may live
in joy,

And the poor hornified silly elf,
Will think to be sure he got it himself.

By my troth says the lady, then I will
agree,

My husband deserves a cuckold to be,
Rather than live in such fractious strife,
I'll do any thing for a quiet life.

One day a young countryman proper
and trim,

Was walking, the herb-woman said
unto him,

Now honest fellow, without any dispute
I'll help you to a lodging, and money
to boot.

Here in my house a lodging you shall
have,

And all sorts of dainties that you can
crave ;

The countryman shortly answer'd her
quick,

You want to serve me a London trick.

Sir, it is no trick that I mean to play,
 So pray give ear to what I shall say,
 Here in my house a lodging shall have,
 And all sorts of dainties that you can
 crave.

She told him the story in every part,
 Which pleased the countryman quite
 to the heart ;

Saying, If I do this young lady enjoy,
 I'll warrant she will have a girl or a boy.

The herb-woman went to the lady 'tis
 said,

And told her how the intrigue it was
 made,

She and the herb-woman did contrive,
 To blind the young squire as I am alive.

It being the squire's usual way it is said,
 To have a sack posset as going to bed,
 They put something in it to make him
 to sleep,

That she at her leisure might from him
 creep.

Now the countryman he went to bed
as we find,

But O how the lady did run in his mind
At length she came as light as a bird,
Went into bed, and spoke never a word.

To tell ye the truth of them in the dark,
He saw not the lady, nor she the spark,
But six days did eat and drink of the
best,

Every night he and the lady took rest.

Six days did he eat and drink of the best,
Every night he and his lady took rest,
And every morning he did espy,
Ten guineas upon the table to lie.

At length it happen'd on a certain night
As he was enjoying of his lady bright,
Both being toil'd with love-sick charms
They fell asleep in each other's arms.

And slept 'till it was quite broad day,
Then he beheld this sweet lady gay ;

Who fretted to think she was served so,
And said to the countryman, pray let
me go.

To think of my folly it grieves me full
fore,
But take my word for't I'll come here
no more :

Be sure say nothing, and as I live,
A hundred pounds to you I will give,

So of her spark her leave she did take,
And got home to her husband who was
just awake ;

To make her excuse she did begin,
I have been at my kinswoman's lying-in.

This lady conceiv'd & had a brave boy,
Which gave the father and mother
great joy ;

When this fine lady she came to be laid,
For joy of this son a feast it was made.

The midwife said, Surely this is daddy's
own nose,

His cheeks are red and as blushing as a
rose,

It has mammy's black eyes, and dady's
round chin,

Was'n't this a fine jovial lying-in.

So now ever since they lead a sweet life,
No more ill using for his sweet wife,
Besides he is proud of his young son
and heir,

And swears he's as like him as e'er he
can stare. 10 JUL 52

F I N I S



THE
FOUR
INDIAN
KINGS.

11621-2-1
57

In TWO PARTS.



T E W K E S B U R Y :

Printed and Sold by S. HARWARD; Sold also at his Shops in GLOUCESTER and CHELTENHAM; where may be had all Sorts of New and Old Songs; Penny Histories, &c. Wholesale and Retail. Likewise the True Original Daffy's Elixir, Bateman's Drops, Scotch Pills, and all other Medicines of established reputation, that are advertised in the weekly Papers.

P A R T I.

*How a beautiful Lady conquer'd one of the Indian
Kings.*

ATTEND unto a true relation,
Of four Indian Kings of late,
Who came to this Christian nation,
To report their sorrows great,
Which by France they had sustained
To the overthrow of trade ;
That the seas might be regained,
Who are come to beg our aid.
Having told their sad condition,
To our good and gracious queen,
With an humble low submission,
Mixed with a courteous mein.
Noble they were all received
In bold Britain's royal court
Many lords and ladies grieved
At these Indian kings report.
Now their message being ended,
To the queen's great majesty ;
They were further befriended
Of the noble standers by.
With a glance of Britain's glory.
Buildings, troops, and many things,
But now comes a pressing story,
Love seiz'd one of these four kings.
Thus, as it was then related,
Walking forth to take the air,
In St. James's Park there waited
Troops of handsome ladies fair,
Rich and gaudily attir'd,
Rubies, jewels, diamond rings,

One fair lady was admir'd,

By the youngest of those kings.

While he did his pain discover,

Often fighting to the rest ;

Like a broken hearted lover,

Oft he smote upon his breast.

Breaking forth in lamentation,

Oh ! the pain that I endure.

The young ladies of this nation,

They are more than mortals sure.

In his language he related,

How her angel beauty bright,

His great heart had captivated,

Ever since she appear'd in sight.

Though there are some fair and pretty,

Youthful, proper, strait, and tall,

In this Christian land and city,

Yet she far excels them all.

Were I worthy of her favour,

Which is much better than gold,

Then I might enjoy forever,

Charming blessings manifold,

But I fear she cannot love me,

I must hope for no such thing,

That sweet saint is far above me,

Although I am an Indian king.

Let me sign but my petition,

Unto that lady fair and clear :

Let her know my sad condition,

How I languish under her,

If on me, after this trial,

She will no eye of pity cast,

But return a flat denial,

Friends I can but die at last.

If I fall by this distraction,
 Through a lady's cruelty;
 It is some satisfaction,
 That I do a martyr die;
 Unto the goddess of great beauty,
 Brighter then the morning day,
 Sure no greater piece of duty,
 No poor captive love can pay,
 O this fatal burning fever,
 Gives me little hopes of life,
 If so that I cannot have her,
 For my love and lawful wife.
 Bear to her this royal token,
 Tell her 'tis my diamond ring;
 Pray her that it mayn't be spoken,
 She'll destroy an Indian king,
 Who is able to advance her
 In our fine America,
 Let me soon receive an answer,
 From her hand without delay.
 Every minute seems an hour,
 Every hour fix, I'm sure;
 Tell her it is in her power
 At this time to kill or cure.
 Tell her that you see me ready,
 To expire for her sake;
 And as she is a Christian lady,
 Sure she will some pity take.
 I shall long for your returning
 From that pure unspotted dove,
 All the while I do lie burning,
 Wrapt in scorching flames of love.

P A R T II.

The Lady's Answer to the Lidian Kings Request.

I Will fly with your petition,
 Unto that lady fair and clear,
 For to tell your sad condition,
 I will to her parents bear.
 Show her how much you did adore her,
 And lie bleeding for your sake;
 Having laid the cause before her,
 She perhaps may pity take.
 Ladies that are apt to glory,
 In their youthful birth and state,
 So here I'll rehearse the story,
 Of their being truly great,
 So farewell, sir, for a season,
 I will soon return again:
 If she's but endow'd with reason,
 Labour is not spent in vain.
 Having found her habitation,
 Which with diligence he sought,
 Tho' renowned in her station,
 She was to his presence brought.
 Where he labour'd to discover,
 How his lord and master lay,
 Like a pensive wounded lover,
 By her charms the other day.
 As a token of his honour,
 He has sent this ring of gold
 Set with diamonds. Save the owner,
 For his griefs are manifold.
 Life and death are both depending,
 On what answer you can give,

If I fall by this distraction,
 Through a lady's cruelty ;
 It is some satisfaction,
 That I do a martyr die ;
 Unto the goddess of great beauty,
 Brighter then the morning day,
 Sure no greater piece of duty,
 No poor captive love can pay,
 O this fatal burning fever,
 Gives me little hopes of life,
 If so that I cannot have her,
 For my love and lawful wife.
 Bear to her this royal token,
 Tell her 'tis my diamond ring ;
 Pray her that it mayn't be spoken,
 She'll destroy an Indian king,
 Who is able to advance her
 In our fine America,
 Let me soon receive an answer,
 From her hand without delay.
 Every minute seems an hour,
 Every hour six, I'm sure ;
 Tell her it is in her power
 At this time to kill or cure.
 Tell her that you see me ready,
 To expire for her sake ;
 And as she is a Christian lady,
 Sure she will some pity take.
 I shall long for your returning
 From that pure unspotted dove,
 All the while I do lie burning,
 Wrapt in scorching flames of love.

P A R T II.

The Lady's Answer to the Indian Kings Request.

I Will fly with your petition,
 Unto that lady fair and clear,
 For to tell your sad condition,
 I will to her parents bear.
 Show her how much you did adore her,
 And lie bleeding for your sake;
 Having laid the cause before her,
 She perhaps may pity take.
 Ladies that are apt to glory,
 In their youthful birth and state,
 So here I'll rehearse the story,
 Of their being truly great,
 So farewell, sir, for a season,
 I will soon return again:
 If she's but endow'd with reason,
 Labour is not spent in vain.
 Having found her habitation,
 Which with diligence he sought,
 Tho' renowned in her station,
 She was to his presence brought.
 Where he labour'd to discover,
 How his lord and master lay,
 Like a pensive wounded lover,
 By her charms the other day.
 As a token of his honour,
 He has sent this ring of gold
 Set with diamonds. Save the owner,
 For his griefs are manifold.
 Life and death are both depending,
 On what answer you can give,

Here he lies your charms commending,
 Grant him love that he may live.
 You may tell your lord and master,
 Said the charming lady fair,
 Though I pity his disaster,
 Being catch'd in Cupid's snare,
 'Tis against all true discretion,
 To comply with what I scorn :
 He's a Heathen by profession,
 I a Christian bred and born.
 Was he king of many nations,
 Crowns and royal dignity,
 And I born of mean relations,
 You may tell him that from me.
 As long as I have life and breathing,
 My true God I will adore,
 Nor will ever wed a Heathen,
 For the richest Indian store.
 I have had my education,
 From my infant blooming youth,
 In this Christian land and nation,
 Where the blessed word and truth
 Is to be enjoy'd with pleasure,
 Amongst Christians kind and mild,
 Which is more than all the treasure,
 Can be had with Heathens wild.
 Madam, let me be admitted,
 Once to speak in his defence ;
 If he here then may be pity'd,
 Breath not forth such violence,
 He and all the rest were telling,
 How well they lik'd this place ;
 And declar'd themselves right willing,
 To receive the light of grace.

So then, lady, be not cruel,
 His unhappy state condole;
 Quench the flame, abate the fuel,
 Spare his life, and save his soul,
 Since it lies within your power,
 Either to destroy or save,
 Send him word this happy hour,
 That you'll heal the wound you gave.
 While the messenger he pleased,
 With this noble virtuous maid,
 All the words then she minded,
 Which his master he had said,
 Then she spoke like one concerned,
 Tell your master this from me,
 Let him, let him first be turned,
 From his gross Idolatry.
 If he will become a Christian,
 Live up to the truth reveal'd,
 I will make him grant the question,
 Or before will never yield,
 Although he was pleas'd to send me,
 His fine ring and diamond stone,
 With this answer pray commend me,
 To your master yet unknown.

F I N I S.



OLD SONGS,

Printed and Sold by S. HARWARD.

- | | |
|------------------------|--------------------------|
| Children in the Wood | Leeds Tragedy; or, The |
| Seven Champions of | Bloody Brother |
| Christendom | Humours of Rag Fair |
| Cat-Skin | Glocestershire Tragedy |
| Death and the Lady | Distrest Lady's Garland |
| Twenty-seven Songs of | Chevy Chace |
| Robin Hood | Bloody Gardener |
| Poor Robin's Dream | Berkshire Lady |
| Plymouth Tragedy; or, | Wandering Shepherdess |
| Susan's Overthrow | Factor's Garland |
| Pretty Green Coat Boy | Broken Contract |
| 'Squire Vernon's Fox- | Bite upon Bite |
| Chace | Blind Beggar of Beth- |
| Famous Flower of Serv- | nal-Green |
| ing Men | Bristol Bridegroom; or |
| Wandering Prince of | The Ship Carpenter's |
| Troy | Love to the Merchant |
| Choice Pennyworth of | Daughter |
| Wit | Anacreon's Feast |
| Yarmouth Tragedy | Death of Sir Andrew |
| Golden Bull | Barton |
| Jane Shore | New Mad Tom |
| Oxford Ramble | Cobler's wife's discover |
| Dorsetshire Miracle | Disobedient Son and |
| Transported Felons | Cruel Husband |
| Teague's Ramble | Somersetshire Tragedy |
| Spanish Lady's Love to | Welch Wedding |
| an English Captain | Lamentable Ballad of |
| Northern Knight's Gar- | the Lady's Fall |
| land | Fair Maudlin |

10 JU 32